

Elevator Mishaps

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Category: Angel

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-15 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-15 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:52:16

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,724

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Zoey and Evita are stuck in an elevator. That pretty much explains it, yeah, it does, just read it please!!

Elevator Mishaps

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Buffy or Angel characters. I only own Zoey and Evita.

Things you should know before reading: There is a character description of Zoey at the beginning of the story A Love Forgotten. And as far as Evita goes: Evita lived during the time of Caesar- which actually was her cousin. When she was 13, she was infected with an incurable illness. As she laid on her deathbed, Evita's nurse, Calpurna was into the black arts and told Evita's father, Firminious (Raider, don't get mad if I spelled it wrong) of a spell that would have Evita die, then come back as an immortal. Agreeing to this, Evita died and crawled out of her own grave as an immortal. She now works with the company Angel Investigations, and hates Angel's sister Zoey with an undeniable hate-and Zoey does the same. Then one day (oh, god, this is sounding like a stupid fairy tale- oh well) Evita saved one of her co-worker's (Oz) life. The PTB were extremely impressed by this and aged Evita's 13 year old body to that of a 17-year old's- and also gave her a silver convertible Jag. As far as physical appearance: Evita's Cordelia's height, wavy brown hair and has outfits you'd expect to see Willow wearing (not the fluffy stuff though, just the shirts that have pictures of the moon and fire on them). And also, in my Angel universe world thing I have going, Penn was resurrected by the famous Powers That Be. The reason for this is unknown, but now Penn is just you know, the same.

I burst through the door of Angel Investigations, my coat shielding me from the harmful rays of light. As I walked swiftly past Cordy's desk, I picked up a tissue, and dabbed the corners of my mouth, wiping away the traces of my last kill, then dropped the tissue into the small wastebasket as I passed it.

And that was just the thing-Angel had called me on my cell, telling me about a Hell demon overlord that was now loose on the streets of L.A-right in the middle of a meal. I mean the man can be so inconsiderate-just because he doesn't drink, doesn't mean he has to bother those who do.

Turning the corner, towards the elevator-I ran into another running figure, and fell to the ground.

I jumped up quickly, and growled, " Evita."

Evita also stood up, almost on the verge of towering over me. Which was another thing, just because Evita saved Oz's life from some dumb-ass demon, the Powers That Be aged her 13 year-old body to a 17 year-old's-and also granted her a silver Jag-which was now missing the Jaguar hood ornament-hehehe. But it still wasn't fair! I mean, I have saved loads of humans-and I'm still 14! It is so not fair.

"Zoey." Evita replied, also starting to growl-that's right, growl.

I choked down the rest of my vampiric snarls, and grew silent-then burst into laughter.

Evita got a blank look on her face, " What? What's so funny?"

My eyes started to well-up with tears as I pointed at her, " You! You were growling! And you're human! I'm a vampire; I'm supposed to growl-as well as werewolves and other demons-but you! You have no supernatural-ness what so ever, except that you're dead! And you.... were.... growling...at...ME!"

She smiled, " Well, I picked it up from Oz one night, when I was helping him-you know, cope with his wolf-ness."

I put my hands together as if I were to pray, " Oh, yes. I should've known, you're Saint Evita-you NEVER do anything for your own personal gain."

"And what is that supposed to mean?" Evita shot back.

" Nothing." I said wiping the tears from my eyes, and walking over to the elevator.

As we both stepped into the elevator, we immediately took sides-I took the left, Evita, the right. I looked down at my silver pumps, and noticed that one of the little straps was starting to come undone. I handed my black Gucci bag over to Evita, " Hold this a sec-will you?"

Evita looked at me suspiciously, and then took the bag. I stooped down and fixed my shoe-as I came up I pressed the 'down' button on the elevator, and the elevator began it's decent.

About six seconds later, the elevator jerked wildly, and came to a stop in between the two floors.

"Damn." I said as I stamped the floor with my foot, at the same time Evita said, " What now?"

We each looked outside the sides of the elevator, and saw that we were far from our original destination.

" We're stuck." I said simply.

" Really?" Evita said sarcastically.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

We both slumped against the wall, me on the left Evita on the right-a thick red line of lipstick now separating us.

I sighed, now more than bored with counting the many different kinds of grime on the floor of the cement elevator. And doing what I usually do in time draining situations like this, I started to sing a song to the tune of Mambo No.5:

"I'm stuck in the elevator- Stuck with person I hate the most. Oh, my god, can't I ever catch a break- I swear I'm cursed more than my brother-"

"Oh, would you shut-up!" Evita almost screamed, as she threw the empty lipstick bottle at me.

"Sorry, I'm just so...hungry." I said slowly eyeing Evita's throat.

Evita followed my eyes, and slapped a hand across her neck," No, you are NOT thinking, what I think you're thinking." I licked my lips, and slowly stood up, as Evita fiddled with her own purse searching for a stake," At least now I'll have a reason to stake you if you-"

I ran towards her, ready to pass the red line barrier, then suddenly, SMACK!!!!

My nose it an invisible wall, almost breaking it. And I backed over to my side clutching my nose in pain.

"-run into an invisible wall." Evita finished.

"Ow! What the hell is that!" I yelled enraged and disappointed.

"The line! It's like a door! And vampires can't be invited in! -Oh, this is rich!" Evita explained happily

HALF AN HOUR LATER

"Can I please have my purse back?" I asked.

Evita stared at the discarded black bag, and then quickly picked it up.

" Now give it back-no-don't look in it! That is private property!" I said as she dumped the contents of it onto the floor.

She quickly pushed all the make-up to one side, then eyed the other objects.

"Here, if you're so hungry, then you can have this." Evita said, tossing a bag of human donated blood over the line. I picked it up, and guzzled it down.

"And what is this?" Evita asked as she picked up a small three ring leather bound book.

"Don't bother with that-it's just-"

"Oh, pictures!" Evita said sounding almost like a child who had just been bought a large ice cream cone.

I jumped up, "Give! That! Back!" I yelled as I stamped the floor with my foot with each word.

Evita opened the book and smiled, "Let me guess-your pre-vampire days. Right?"

She tilted the book over towards me, and displayed a picture of me, Xander, Willow, Oz, Buffy, Cordelia and Giles, standing in the bright Californian sun-with Angel who stood in the shadows of the trees.

"I wonder what you were like before you became a vampire." Evita said mostly to herself.

She flipped through most of the picture album, then wrinkled her nose in distaste, "Eew. It's Penn-I don't see what you see in him-he's ugly as sin. And I think he missed a spot when shaving."

"He did not! And he's not ugly-he's cute! And if I see you make googily eyes at Oz again-then, I'm REALLY going to eat you."

"Oh, please-I do not make googily eyes at Oz." Evita said, closing up the picture album and moving onto the next item.

"Oh, yes you do-and he's not better. I mean Oz is always 'Evita this-Evita that'-why can't you two just become a couple already!" I yelled in frustration.

Evita looked up at me curiously, "He did-I mean, he does? Oz, talks about me?"

Instead of answering her, I gave out a long sigh-I so did not want to play Dr.Love while I was stuck in the elevator.

"Oh," Evita said, looking at my pile of things again, she lifted a Bing business card from the pile, "Bing? What kind of store is that? Is it sandwiched in between Boing, and Bong?"

I laughed, remembering an episode of Friends, "Miss. Chanandeler Bong."

ONE HOUR LATER

When I had finally gotten back my purse, which now lay beside me. I looked up the long elevator shaft, and gave out a long prolonged sigh. Then started laughing hysterically.

"Oh, God. What now?" Evita said, also tired from sitting in the shaft.

" Nothing-just thinking about my childhood, and a game we used to play."

"For the sake of both of our sanities-JUST SPIT IT OUT!!!!" She yelled, definitely tired of the whole charade.

"Well," I began," Angel, Penn and I used to play this game when we were like five. We called it Medieval knights and princesses-"

"Well, that's original." Evita said to herself.

I frowned, then went on," And, I was princess Zoey, and Angel and Penn took turns being the knight-either Sir Angel-or Sir Penn. And the guy left over would be the king-it usually Penn-cuz, Angel was one rude little five year old-everything had to be *his* way. Anyway, my parents owned a-"

" Pond, with a weeping willow next to it! -Oh, my god-that was you?!" Evita shouted.

My mouth hung open," How did you know that?"

" I visited Ireland in during 175-something-but that was you guys? -I always laughed my head off, but Penn was cute then-what happened?"

I growled silently as she continued," And you were always like,'oh, Sir Angel-save me!'-and Angel was like,' I'll save you princess Zoey!', and he swung that little wooden sword of his. And then.... then there was that one time when Penn rescued you, and he said, 'how about a little kiss for my reward?' and you said,'Eeew! Penn, you are sick!'-and now look at the two of you!"

Evita was now on the floor rolling with laughter.

" Okay, okay-so I played a stupid little game when I was five-but you never *had* an older brother-you don't know what it's like!" I said.

Evita suddenly stopped, and grew very silent as she sat back up again," I *did* have an older brother-but, but, he died of lepercey at a very, very, young age."

"Oh, wow-first I'm going to say eeew, then I'm" I started to say, but the elevator started to go haywire, it moved up and down, up and down, and up and down again. Then it again stopped abruptly.

"I think I'm going to puke." Evita said, which two seconds later she did.

ONE HOUR LATER

"Now, Evita trust me on this-you are so a Woodstock Mud." I said as I applied the nail polish to her fingertips.

Being stuck in the elevator forever had rendered us bored beyond

staking our selves-so, this was the next best thing-to death I mean.

"I'm trusting you on this Zoey-but if it turns Pepto-Bismol pink in an hour-I'm staking you." She said as she fanned her other hand.

"How about now?" Angel bellowed from below still trying to fix the elevator after figuring out that we were trapped in it.

"NOOOO." I yelled back.

As I painted another nail, I said out loud to myself," God, I hate Kate."

"I think everybody does-except, you know, boss."

"She is like THE Bitch."

After I finished with the other hand, Evita quickly withdrew it," No, that title is reserved for only ONE person."

"Who?"

"Veruka-because of her she made Oz afraid of himself, and now he's all cluster phobic."

"And because of her, Oz came here-and left Willow." I said raising an eyebrow.

She grunted, inspecting her nails," Well, Kate can be Bitch number two.-The only good thing she did was stake Penn."

"That is SO not fair-just because he is evil and making his statement-SHE has to kill him-doesn't she realizing that it might be a cry for help?"

"Cry for help-come on, that is the lamest thing I ever heard. He's EVIL-just like you-I don't know why we even keep you around."

" I am not TOTALLY evil-I make up for the people I eat by fighting crime beside my brother. Plus it's my nature."

Evita laughed out loud," Your nature?! Zoey, you have a SOUL-and yet you eat people, and when you do it's totally sick-you get blood ALL over your face. Ever hear of a thing called manners? At least Angel *has* some."

"I do to have manners! And you're being mean-what about Oz? He ate bunnies! Whole!"

"He has no control over that! When he becomes the wolf-he becomes the wolf-at least you can have control over your eating habits."

I opened my mouth in response, but yet again, that damned elevator lurched up, and then conviently stopped at the top, and the doors slid open.

"Finally!" We both screamed.

"What's going on here?" A calm voice said, outside the elevator.

We both turned our heads to see who it was.

"Why, hello Kate." Evita said, " Why are you, here?"

"Angel called me down." She said, as she entered the elevator.

This time the elevator, glided down to the bottom, and the doors opened. There was a mad dash towards the exit, that left Kate in astonishment.

"Angel, would you get that damned elevator of yours fixed-I just spent the last two and a half hours IN A LIVING HELL!!" I yelled at him.

"Zoey, I think you're overacting a bit-don't you think?" Angel said.

Kate stepped out of the elevator, " Can we please set these brother/sister squabbles aside for a minute-and get down to business? There is a rabid demon running the streets of LA, terrorizing the innocent citizens! "

Then, from Angel's kitchen, Penn emerged.

" Penn!" I said, as I leapt into his arms.

Kate pulled out her gun, and aimed it at us, " I killed you-I know I did! How can you be alive?" " Um, Kate, that's kind of one of the things I called you down for. Penn, got resurrected-he's on our side now." Angel said.

" Speak for yourself." Penn said quietly.

Evita looked over at me and gave a look of utter disgust then said, " Oh, Sir Penn, you are such a brave knight to save princess Zoey from the evil elevator-"

Penn's eyes lit up, " You, you!" He said pointing at Evita, " You're the person who always hid behind the bushes, when we played that game!"

" Unfortunatly.I should have known that 250 years later, I'd be working for all of you." She sighed.

Doyle rushed in putting on his hat-which was a Greek tragedy.

" Common guys-we got a mad demon on our hands!" He said as he stepped into the elevator.

I slid out of Penn's arms, and stood at the foot of the elevator, and stairs, Evita did the same.

And we both made a mad dash up the stairs.

End
file.